A NIGHT IN AN IRISH CABIN.

RAIN, COLD, AND MCKNESS, AND AN EVICTION AT HAND,

The Home of the McCermicks on Lord Lana-downs's Estate—Invited to a Full Hed—A. Woman's Story of a Very Wretched Life, GLENGARIFF, Jan. 28 .- This is a remote, desolate, and cheerless spot humanized by two houses and an inn. I arrived last night after a drive of many hours in the rain from Bantry.

where the railroad comes to an end miles be-yond the mountains. After I had put on dry attire and eaten heroically. I wandered out under the portice of the inn.

It was dusk. Not a human being was in

sight. The gale swept along, lashing the waters of the bay and the sea over the rocks with a sound like the continual hiss of escaping steam, dignified at times by the sullen roa of the larger waves. Rain clouds scudded down the mountains that towered aloft on mearly every side, drenched the inn with spray, and were swert away again by counter blasts that left the road in front of the door compara-tively clear. It was cold. Mud was everywhere.

A hostler with a blanket-hooded head drifted by about 8 o'clock—the first man I had seen in two hours. He came to the door when I halled him, and remarked, cheerfully:

"It's a bad night, sur."
"Worse than usual?" "Oh, sure I can't say that all nights is stormy here at this time o' year." Have you a stable here?"

"We have, sur." " How many horses ?" "Tree, yer honor; wan's an ass, th' other died twelve months come Febr'y, an' there's

Kaytie th' little gray mare." "I want you to drive me over on Lord Lansdowne's estate to-night-" To-night?" "And leave me at the door of one of his

"Whist, g'long. Faith, yer larkin' wid me. Y'd have t' be crossin' the top a th' mountain beyant there—d'ye see it? above th' clouds—a blowin' yer honor off th' cliff—"

"People live there, I suppose?"
"They do, God help thim; they do whin Lord Lansdowne will lave thim." We started a short time after this, to the un-

nualified amazement of the landlady, the driver, and the little gray mare. For an hour and a half we slowly ascended the mountain until we got above the clords and out of the rain. Here there was a long tunnel. We drove slowly through it and out into the open again. The wind was racing along at such a rate that our blankets were almost whisked out of our hands. The pony shied against a massive cliff and held her head down. A moment later the rain came on the creet of another wild blast. It sounded like the shrinking of a thousand demons as it tore along through the jagged rocks of the mountain side, and we were drenched in an instant. The uproar of the gale died away into long moans like the distant surf as it swept into the valley below. Then it suddenly sprang up again and kept us huddled in the sprang up again and kept us induced in the shalter of a boulder that projected from the cliff. On our left was the towering mass of rook; along it the narrow road with its sheer and swint fail down into the wind-swept valley. The driver put his arm around my neck and bellowed into my ear:

"Have y anny idear at all a' t'all phat yer gois' t' do new."

bellowed into my sur:

Have y anny idear at all a' t'all phat yer
gois 't' do now.

There is sur. Manny a wan, an whin th'
soor divils in them can't meet th' rint his lordahip thrust thim out—womin children, an' all't' live in such weather as this, and whin th'
shildren die of exposure an' cold there's somethin' rises higher than th' hurricane on the
mountains, an that's th' chorus of curseson th'
sead of the lord. I'll take y' now t' th' cabin of
me cousin beyant here. His name's McCormick,
as' he's been a hardworkin' man all his lile.
At the age of fifty he's turned out in midwinter,
wid five little children, wan bein' deathly sick."

We descended for a mile or two till we came
to a barren bit of bog land that extended along
Lord Lansdowne's domain. At half-mile interrals his lordahip had rented small holdings to
the farmers. By tilling five or six agres pationally all the year long and dragging loads of
peat to market through all kinds of weather,
the tenants managed to pay their rest, amounting to about \$18 an acre. They had no money
for clothes or food. The rents were raised. The
ill-fated and luckless workers could do no
more. They were evicted in midwinter. Their
sufferings in the desolation of that bleak and
wretched country are almost beyond credence.

The car stopped at the foot of a small hill.
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en through mire that came up har above the tops of our shoes. At times I thought the abominable suction of the mud would cause me to continue barefooted on my way. I had arrived at such a state of complete and direction of the mud would cause me to continue barefooted on my way. I had arrived at such a state of complete and direction of the model of the state of the

waiting. I set a mant class in your and lardened with toil. It draw me gently to the side of the bed—a poilst of straw and moss on a low frame.

"Faith don't be standin' there," said Mrs. McCormick in a tone of romonstrance as she pulled me along. "Git th' bit av box be th' table an' sit here, wid yer back aginst th' wail. Mow wet y' are, sure.

I fixed up a rude seat and leaned back. The floor was of mud. There was no fire, of course. Such a luxury was out of the question, for the beat must all be sold to meet lord Lansdowae's demands. I thought of his income from this one of his many estates—estimated at \$80,000 a year—and contrasted it with the lives of my hosts that night. Then I fell to analyzing my own sufferings. I found that I sould keep from shivering by a mighty effort. Sut there was always a penalty sooner or later at an awful and bone-racking shudder. The shildren orded at intervals, and the sound of the chattering testh of the woman by my side was pitiful. I took up another analysis of my sendition, and was wondering what the final sensations of a man who freezes slowly to death were. The sharp twinging, shooting, and outting pains that the cold had brought about had turned in time to a dull ache in the legs and sensation succeeded. Then came another shudder. "Will t seen be day?" asked the woman by say side in a droning voice.

"Not for six hours yet. Are you sleepy?"

"Indade I'm not. How could I slape wid what's before me?"

"Ou are to be turned out, I'm told."

"We are. Tomorra. too."

"The bog, that's all. Our naybors are no better than ourselves. Is there justice on eart'? Phat 'saye we done sure to be so punished?" Her voice fell to a low droning tone that was almost in consonance with the wiad that played under the sawes. "Whin this place wuz so bad that Lord Lansdowae—may his own children rise against him—could de nothis will it me husband, but a lad thin, saked fur a plot ay ground. They tol' him he could sette for he merried me, an' full well Lord Lansdowne an' his agents knew that th' m

th' mountain foot—an' whin it wus done his lordship raised th' rint agin becase th' farm wus more valybul wid a cabin on it. Since thin fer twinty long years have we toiled and toiled draggin' peat into Kenmare for nine-pence th' load an' walkin 'sivinteen miles a day t' do it—savin an' scrapin' an' starvin, but wid all our work gittin' a little bit behind each year. I haven't tasted mate for six years, an' on this cold night after twinty years of work I have a meal sack fur a petiticoat an' me ole shawl t' keep me shoulders warrum. Phat've we done? she asked piticounly, half rising in bed. "All our lives we've toiled fur Lord Lansdowne, but we can't do more'n we can't do

Core shawi t keep me shoulders warrum. Phat've we done? she asked piteously, half rising in bed. "All our lives we've toiled fur Lord Lansdowne, but we can't do more'n we can do—" "Curse him!" shouted the huysband in a voice that came like a clap of thinder. "May his soul go witherin' down to—" "Kuh-winkgz, kuh-winkgz, kuh-winkgz," came a stifled snort and whine. "How'ly murther!" crisel Mrs. McCormick. "ye've waked the pig."

The deuce was to pay apparently. The children set up a how, and the pig protested eloquently and refused to be soothed. I fished out my match box and handed it to McCormick, who found a dry match, struck it, and hold it aloit.

There was asight for you! Why don't some of the painters who are looking for subjects do this? In the middle of the bed rose McCormick's gaunt figure, holding the match above his head and addressing words of fulsome love and passion to his "darlint" pig. His long gray hair was dishevelled, and his reddish beard stuck out widly from his chin. His rough shirt was open at the neck, but he was dressel in his ordinary attire—naturally enough, of course, for the poor devil had no other, Hanging to the uplifted arm of her husband was Mrs. McCormick, calling upon the pig, in the aame of heaven, to be a lovely thing again, and give up its "humbuggia" jokes, while in the far corner was the pig, on all fours, with its snout in the air, snorting like a freight engine on an up grade. It was a fine pinkish and clean-looking pig, too. Directly under the animal lay the sick baby. The little thing was piping shrilly. A miscellaneous assortment of children lay the sick baby. The father and the pig. Wrapped around the baby was the shawl Mrs. McCormick had spoken of as keeping her own shoulders warm. She had taken the only garment that could give her abit of comfort and placed it around her child, with the marvellous unselfishness of a mother's heart. She had even put the child from her, too, because she knew that there was man in, and the part of the shad had been been been and shawl

Then the woman told me Dan Donoghue's story, which I learned to-day was autheatic in every particular.

"He's a beggar now," she said slowly, "workin' be the roadside whin he can git work, starvin' whin he can't, his wife and children scattered, his life wrecked. They raised his rint. Hard times came. He could do nothin'. He was evicted in '78. No one would take the farm at the rint asked, an Dan wuz allowed back to take care of th' farm. In 1880 he was summoned fr th' possession. He had eight children, and four of them were lyin' sick wid th' measles. The wife went to the Earl and begged him in th' name of God not t' turn them out in whitter an' while th' children wuz sick. No mercy. Th' bailin's wint' th' house, threw th' furniture out, lifted up th' bed by th' four corners on which th' sick children lay all covered wid ared coat of th' measles, carried it out an' dropped it in th' cow yard. Thin they boarded up th' house an' went back t' th' earl of Kenmaro. In less than an hour th' youngest child. Jamie, died. I seen th' poor little saint brathe his last there on th' muck of th' cow yard. She began to cry quietly, thinking, I knew, of her own sickly child. "Th' little corpse was placed on a table under th' cow shed, an' th' sick children sheltered. So they lived till th' boy was burled. Then Dan an' his wife were sent for. They wint to the Earl's arent, thinkin' his heart might be at last softened. Once there they were sent away agin, but when they returned they found they doen decoyed away. In their absence the bailings tore down the little cow shed an' put th' children in th' road. Next day Dan Donoghue wuz arrested for tryla' t' take possession of th' house an' sent' jail. His wife was likewise sent ' jail for digrain' a meal of potatoes for her starvia' children. Oh, sure, it's all in the court records. The children were put in the workhouse. Where are they all now? Shure none can tell. An' for what wuz the happiness of them all wrecked? Because they couldn't do th' impossible. Faith, it's a calamity an

"Y-y-yes."
"Faith y' must be near dead."
I was. We left some loose coin oins on the sonn I was. We let some loose cans on the scap box, and then I journeyed back to civilization and comfort. But I have not yet ceased won-dering that any man on earth, be he nobleman or commoner, can have the heart to turn such unfortunates out of their wretched hovel into the swamp.

FURNISHED BY M'DERMOTT.

The Source of the Sensational Dynamite News of the Loudon Times. DUBLIN, Jan. 28.—The identity of the cheerful and magnificent inventor who has of late been furnishing the London Times with its startling "sensations" about the dynamito party in New York has been revealed here by a long letter from Paris. It confirms what the Irish leaders have asserted for some time past to their party. The most remarkable stories have been put forward by the Times as absolute facts. The most recent one was a beautiful description of how New Yorkers furnished ful description of how New Yorkers furnished one Williams—a poverty-stricken doctor, living in Flushing. L. I.—with \$1.000,000 a year for the purpose of blowing up-eminent Britons. It was the culmination of a series of similar yarns.

The man who is responsible for all this is, it is alleged, no other than the notorious James McDermott. He travels constantly, pretending to represent O'Donovan Rossa's paper. The paper is dead, it may be remarked in passing, and Mr. Rossa is not paying anybody's travelling expenses in Europe. I rather funcied, indeed, from the last talk I had with Mr. Rossa, that he had about all he cared to attend to when he devoted his exclusive and undivided attention to paying his own expenses.

McDermott first started the suspicions of the men in control of Irish affairs when he called on Davitt and Healy at the time that they were both in Richmond prison. He had a interview with Davitt which made the latter open his eyes. He had McDermott tollowed. The Rooklyn reporter wont by a roundathout way to Dubin Castle and was closted with the police for hours. He made shother attempt to see Davitt, but an interview was refused. About this time paragraphs began to appear in papers antagenatic to the Irish cause that James McDermott was suspected of this, that and the other plot; that McDermott was suspected to be at the head of certain dynamite movements. A certain similarity in the style of these paragraphs suggested the idea here that they were all written by the same man, though they appeared in papers in different parts of the world. A quiet investigation was made with the result foreseen. The presence of McDermott in any city called out the paragraphs. He was trying to hoodwink the Irish party into believing that he was the head of the American dynamiters. One day, about three months after McDermott in connection with a plot to blow the city up. Davitt, whose party had been nearly killed by the Phomix Park murders, and who head been the most bitter of the denunciators of that tragedy, cabled: one Williams—a poverty-stricken doctor, living in Flushing. L. I.—with \$1,000,000 a year for the

THE WHIMS OF FAIR WOMEN. HOW A REPUTATION FOR ESTRETE

SKILL MAY BE MADE.

New York Girls Learning Right Rere to be Wild West Sharpshooters-A Pug Deg Reception-How and Why Good Waltz-ing is Bone in Rough Ball Rooms. They do say that girls are nowadays tak-

ing very much to acting in private life. In-genious false pretenses of aesthetic occupations and tastes are declared to be common among unmarried belies who are seeking rich husbands. In extreme cases of positive wicked deceit, girls are known to procure from professional artists, half finished paintings, which they display as their own work, and which they dabble at occasionally in order to keep up ap-pearances. The writer knows of a fair pretender to poetle talent, who got a newspaper man to write for her a poem of about twenty verses. Then she copied the first two or three on a sheet of paper and left it lying on a table When a female chum came in for an unceremonious call, and the rhymes were seen, the hostess would seem confused, and finally confess that she was trying her hand a little at composition. This device was repeated for a half dezem of her friends. Then the succeeding verses were copied one after an-other, day by day, until the poem was, in the course of a week, completed. The observers magined that they witnessed its evolution, and they spread the report that their friend was in-

Nearly every one among the amusement-lov nonly every one among the startling exhibi-tions given in shows of border life. They have gazed with admiration upon the young woman rom Texas or any one of the Territories, attired like a female cowboy and gifted with a nerve and an eye which enables her to perform the most difficult feats in marksmanship with pistol or rifle at a distance of 50 to 100 feet. This young lady from the great and rolling West s also a familiar figure on the variety stage.

is also a familiar figure on the variety stage.

A Sun reporter went into Texas Charley's little shooting gallery on Bleecker street. Charley is a little "down on his luck" temporarily, and pieks up a dime in the conventional Bowery style. A young woman, attired cheaply but showily, stood with a light riffe at her shoulder, aimed at the most conspicuous bull's-eye, while Charley was explaining to her the science of marksmanship, including the position of the feet. Beside the young woman stood a slender young man of inoffensive mien and coloriess complexion. He looked dismally on, while she shot wide of the mark, and for every failure criticised the gun or her instructor for fully five minutes. She was sure she could do better if allowed to have her own way. Finally the pair left, and Charley gave way to his feelings. Said he:

"That girl makes me very tired. She wants to go on the stage as a wild West shooter, but she'll never learn if she keeps on this way. There's plenty more just like her, too."

"A wild West shooter?"

"Yes. Don't you know that game yet? Why, nearly all these women who figure as Texas Jennie, or Wyoming Liz, or some such name, hail from New York or Chicago. I've taught a dozen of them myself—but it's hard work, for they slwars want to talk more than half the time. However. I've turned out several who can cut out a releture with a pistol or split a card with a rifle. They're all New Yorkers. Yes, it pays fairly well to teach them.

"Who is that young man here just now?"

"Oh, he's the girl's husband. He's a clerk in a big dry goods store uptown."

Pistol and rifle shooting, by the way, continute be a fad among the solid swells of them entopopolis, and more than one of them took his first lesson in a modest shooting gallery on some down-town thoroughfare. The yonus dude is not prolicient in the art. Forhaps he is afraid of a gun, or he may consume more eigarottes than are good for his nerves. But such solid men about town as Pierre Lorillard, Frank Lord. Herman Oclirchs, and others of that cl A Sun reporter went into Texas Charley's

Nrs. Frank Leslie, eleverest of New York business women discussed some points of her recent seiourn in Europe. She met there all sorts of people, under all sorts of circumstances. She happened to mention the fact that she was brought in contact with a number of women who devote their lives to the struggle for woman suffrage in England. She was asked how this set of women compare with their sisters in the United States. She said: "They are quite as earnest and indomitable, and fire away at Parliament as regularly as our women do at the Legislatures. The only points of difference which I observed were these: The woman suffrage champions whom I met in England were ladies charming in manner and fair to look upon, and strangs as it may seem, ladies who took considerable interest in gentlemen and their society. Here, you may have observed, they are not always charming, are seldom comely and, as a rule, abhor the society of men except such as openly espouse their theories."

The outline of the New York woman of fash ion, when on dress parade, is undergoing steadily a positive change. This is not observable in a front view, but is located in that section of outiit denominated the bustle. This is steadily dropping from the waist line, and is apparently endeavoring to reach the knees as an ultimate destination. The extreme

as an ultimate destination. The extremo slope from the waist to, the point of the bustle in the case of Mra, Vanderbilt was about forty-live degrees. The new style is voted by the critics of taste who promenade Broadway, to be no improvement. By way of a costume topic, they are telling in theatrical circles that an actress in a current burlesque icroles that an actress in a current burlesque placed her little daughter in dry. The actress was skirtless, of course, and bure as to arms and shoulders. The child leaned solicitously over the box railing, at a time when she fancical that nobody would notice the confidential communication, and said:

"Poor mamms, ain't you cold?"
The front row of dudes overheard the pertinent question, and laughed so loudly that the mother's Hush!" was silenced to the rest of the audience.

The newest whim may be called the "pug dog reception." It is yet too early to say whether this form of social entertainment will become a permanent feature of high life, or even enjoy a reasonable run of the season. But it has made a beginning under such its diversion is composed almost entirely of unmarried girls. The affair which came under ere considerably in earmest. The set which inaugurated this diversion is composed almost entirely of unmarried girls. The affair which came under ere concerned happened to meet. All brought along their pugs, and the dignified delight with which the snub-nosed creatures viewed each other led to the suggestion of giving to the pugs the complete flavor of the grates concerned happened to meet. All brought along their pugs, and the dignified delight with which they exist. Two or three conferences had to be held over the matter, and when it took shape those who were upon the list as elligible received a dainty invitation upon inted and perfumed paper in which." Charley of the parties concerned in the affair enjoyed the thing thoroughly. There were doubless not a fow jend of the large concerned in the affair enjoyed the consideration while the pugs maintained they bu

vant giri. Over this luncheon, which was being enjoyed in the chili open air of a park, the decayed gentleman was saying to his companions: My collar and cuffs were what did it. They were the marks of a gentleman, and the giri couldn't withstand their influence. Let me give you this advice, based on my own experience: No matter how badly off you may be for ciothae, never fail to wear a clean collar and cuffs. They are impressive, let me tell you. Don't omit them from your toilet, no matter if the rest of your persons are covered only with rags. Clean lisen at your neck and wrists will have a magic, unexplainable influence, and any sacrifice which you may have to make in maintaining them will be far more than compensated by the favors they will bring you." No doubt there was practical as well as theoretical truth in this gentleman's philosophy.

A dozen or fifteen young society men from Murray Hill conless that they strayed far down town in their cabs the other night, and halted at the notorious dance house which is known as Billy McGlory's. After waiting an hour, and being excessively bored by a commonplace variety entertainment on the stage. broken every now and then by a waltz on the waxed floor by the men and women who make the place a rendegvous, the up-town swells decided to enjoy a waltz themselves. One of them tells me that the girls needed no introductions or persuading, and the young male partners in the previous dances slunk back to the chairs around the tables, under the shadow of the gallery. The band struck up and the dancing began. Then a very queer series of incidents occurred. First one of the young women dropped her partner in the middle of the floor and walked to a chair; then another fair waltzer stopped and remonstrated with her escort, so did another and another. Two or three of the women reappeared on the floor with partners chosen among the loungers at the tables.

"What's the matter?" inquired the spokesman for the up-town youths. "We've sot plenty of money, and will buy all the wine in the house, if necessary. Why won't you ladies dance with us?"

"Because you can't dance." was the reply.

"But that's nonsense." said one of the swells. "We all dance at the best parties and bails up-town. Come. what is the real reason for you all behaving this way?"

"You don't any of you know how to dance."

"You are as clumsy as goats." "I aint a soing to fall over a man's leet all round the room."

Were were a lot of men more nonplussed than these. Almost before they could got off the floor the women were in the arms of the men they were accustomed to dancing with and the throng sild and turned is unison as graceful and easy as the heaving of the ocean on a calm day. The up-town swells took their defeat as graciously as possible, but they looked unhappy and confused. The truth was that, though they could waltz well enough for the swell and o

A mistake was made at a ball, as follows:
Although it is nearly a century since the tune
of "Croppies, Lie Down" was sung by Orangemen in Ireland while they fought the Catholics,
it still has the powerto incite Irishmen to overt
acts. Paddy Ryan plays the concertina. He
was born in this city. He had somowhere heard
the obnoxious tune, but knew nothing about
its historical bloody significance. Paddy is a
member of an east side social club. The annual
ballied his society occurred a few evenings since.
The usual fiddle scrapers were on hand to provide the dance music, but Paddy had brought
his concertina slong, being a littile proud of
his one accomplishment. During one of the
lulis between the dances, the President of the
association went up to the boss musician and
said: "Av ye plaze, sor-r, I wouldn't be wantin'
t'be interfarin' wid your music. Sure, we're
all highly plazed wid it, so we are, an' more
power t'yer elbow whin yer waggin' yer fiddle
bow. Faix, ye'll get yer pay whether or no, so
ye will, and it's not wan o'us 'ud be takin' wan
cint off yer bill."

Here he stopped to take breath, and the German professor looked down at him from the
platform in an inquiring way.

"Vot you will haf, mine frient? Beer, ha?"

"Go smother yersel', ye cheesed-headed
Dutchman; I can buy me own beer, so I can,
an' small feart' me, I want ye t' stop squ'akin
th' fiddles as' rattlin' th' brass till Paddy Ryan
plays an Irish chune on his concertina. Now,
d'ye understhand that, ye ould beer barrel?"

"Yah, yah, das is all recht. Stop de moosle."

The music was stopped and the President
shouted: "Will Paddy Ryan come up forminst
th' platform an' play an Irish chune fer th'
b'vs an' gur-ris?"

Paddy came bashfully forth, his face suffused with blushes, and his beloved concertina A mistake was made at a ball, as follows:

th' platform an' play an Irish chune fer th' b'ys an' gur-ris ?"

Paddy came bashfully forth, his face suffused with blushes, and his beloved concertina under his arm,

"Play the 'Rakes o' Mallow,'" shouted one. The rollicking air set everybody's feet to itching. This was followed by "The Wind that Shakes the Barley," "The Cat in the Corner." and "The Limerick Races." All these were rapturously received. Paddy was encouraged. He glowed with pride. Pulling his forelock apologetically he stood up and said:
"Av th' ladies an' gintlemen plaze, I'll play a new chune I'm afther learnin' th' other da'."

Of course the audience were pleased, and every ear was open to catch the air. Paddy pulled the lively measures out of his instrument with eagerness. He had hardly played two bars, however, when the listeners turned and looked at one another with surprise and indignation. Then twenty roysterers arose as one man and made a rush for the luckless player. They seized him from behind and before. They kicked his concertins into the middle of the floor, where the girls made a football of it. They tore his store clothes from his back and bruised his cheeks with their hard fists. Those who could not got at him shook their fists in his direction and swore terrible oaths. Impelied by a story boot, poor Paddy shot out of the door, followed by the howling mob. As he rolled down the staircase and out upon the sidewalk, a friend picked him up and hurried him around the corner, into a saloon. Bleeding, bruised and almost naked. Paddy stammered: "Shure, w-w-hats th' matter, Jim?"

"Ab, ye ould fule, wern't ye playin' Croppies, Lie Down?"

From the Chicago Mail.
Polygamy is universal, and one sees at the

Prom the Chicago Mail.

Polygamy is universal, and one sees at the theatre a man in the dress circle of men, while his wife or wives and slaves (female) are in the women's circle. All classes shew the batel nut, and at the theatre each family has the betel pot and spittoon. The latter is carried by a slave, who hands it to the ladies when they wish to spit.

The betel nut is astringent and somewhat intoxicant. It is chowed in connection with a paste made of lime, tobacco, and papper leaf, it not only blackens the teeth, but cracks the lips and so injures the guns that the teeth are caused to protrude and look snagzy.

The king, princes, and common people are alike slaves to the nasty habit, and half of the women have their mouths injured, if not absolutely distorted by it.

Otherwise the women are decidedly comely, having fine forms and good gaits. Women and men dress so nearly alike that I could hardly distinguish one from the other for several days, for all wear short hair.

The dress is a cloth called "pancong," about two lect wide, wrapped around the waist, with one corner drawn between the legs and caught in a girdle at the waist. This makes a sort of flowing trousers, falling to the knees.

A gentleman wears a coat (sacque) closely buttoned to the neck, with long stockings and low shoes. The common man dispenses with the coat, stockings, and shoes. The woman generally allows the "pancong" to hang like a petiticoat, and wraps about her breast a girdle, leaving the upper part of the bosom and shoulders entirely bare, and none wear shoes. Many of the working women dispense with the girdle entirely. The great mass of people, even in the city go bare-legged and hare-footed. This is universal in the country. The women appeared to be industrious and perform much more than half the work. The near a lazy, and, with the exception of lishing, appear to be willing to leave the women for these gambling places, but could not dispense with the revenue they bring in. The inveterate habit for gambling is the cause of a la

THE TALE OF PEGGY O'NEAL.

A YOUNG WOMAN WHO HAD MUCH TO DO WITH AMERICAN HISTORY. A Cabinet Broken Up and a President Made by the Row Over the Girl-What Ailed John C. Calboun and Others From the Philadelphia Press.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 27 .- This week I have

Washington, Jan. 27.—This week I have learned something new about the most remarkable episode of its kind in the history of this country—the trials and triumphs of Persy O'Neal, the protégé of President Andrew Jackson. The full history of the extraordinary ovent has never been printed; in fact, most of its details are still unknown, but I have this week talked with two gestlemen who were prominent figures of General Jackson's time, and who revealed to me some interesting particulars "confidentially."

I called yesterday on Woodbury Blair, a bright lawyer in the Corcoran building, who has in his possession a whole car load of papers which his grandfather. Francis P. Blair, received from the hand of Jackson in his old age. They have never been used or even assorted, and only a portion of their contents are known. Some day, Mr. Blair says, he and his brother will select for publication.

When the popular idol of the West, Andrew Jackson, was a member of the United States Senate in 1823, he boarded at the tavern at I and Twentieth streets, near where Secretary Whitney's residence now is, kept by an Irishman named William O'Neal. He had taken a special liking to airs, O'Neal, the efficient landlady, when he was a member of Congress years before. Major John H. Eaton, the other Senator from Tennessee, boarded at the same place, and together they petited and surfeited with candy the daughter of the O'Neals, Peggy, a girl of 12 or 15, who grew during ine years of their presence at the tavern into an uncommonly handsome. dashing, intelligent, and lively young lady. It was about the worst possible place to bring up a virtuous girl in, for it was the special rendezvous of the gay and dissinated. Henry Clay, during his fast days, was a continuous guest. Growing up among such mean and the strangers who frequent the average inn, with all the lamiliarity which such a position implies, she lacked refinement and delicacy, but she had, besiles the inevitable chie and cheek, that vivacity of speach and opplied and offernal many th

I fill this cup to one made up Of loveliness alone.
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair that, like the air,
Tis less of earth than beaven.

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With the prompiness which characterized him in all warfare, Gen. Jackson, when his first term was half ended, demanded the resignations of Secretaries Ingham, Branch, and Berrien, the three married members of his Cabhou whose punctilious wives had brought mortilious whose punctilious whose wives were understoned to good little Peppy." as he fondly called the lady in question.

They resigned, letters of regret, and filled the property of the proper

TWO STORIES OF JOEL PARKER. An Monost Client who Paid his For-An In-

The control of the control bendering and the control of the contro

THE FREAKS OF FASHION.

THE FUNNY PANCIES OF FAT WOMEN OF FORTY.

The Styles for Tall and Slender Girls will not do for Shart and Stout Women-Indoor Frecks and Ball Gowns.

A thing of beauty may or may not be a joy forever. That depends greatly on circumstan-ces. One day last week I overheard the tollow-ing conversation as I stood in the vestibule of the dress order department of one of the largest retail dry goods houses of our city; one where the fashion and beauty as well as the wealth of this and many another city goes to be fitted and equipped for the field of fashionable society.

The portière curtain that hung over the entrance to the receiving room was closed, but the murmur of voices floated through,

"It is the handsomest and most tasteful creation of the season, Mrs. —, I brought it out for Miss X—" (naming a leading society beauty). "But you know that she lost her mother last week, and it is on our hands," It was the diplomatio "head" of the depart. ment who spoke. There are Talleyrands in dry goods stores. He was answered by a soft, thick, muffled voice, with an unctuous lisp in it:

"Yes, I like it ever so much. I wonder if i could me made to fit me?" There was a pause—only a slight one—and the head "answered promptly: "Certainly: certainly, madam. Nothing ea-

sior. The seams are all very large, and the plastron is sufficiently full to admit of en-

larging the lining." If it can be made to fit, I will take it. What price did you say?"



"Only \$185-as it is left on our hands. It cost \$250 to import it."

I passed through the portière in time to see the "creation." It was an exhibition on the person of a tall. slender, graceful young woman in this department, who tries on many

